

HOW THEY CURED HIM

DOCTOR Francis Clinton sat musing alone in his office, his hands crossed on his knees, and an anxious look in his eyes. His office was hardly comfortable. The floor was bare, save for a couple of cheap mats. The paper was dingy, and guileless of any adornment in the way of pictures, excepting only his diploma, which was incased in a heavy gilt frame. A desk, a book-case partly filled, an old-fashioned sofa, and a few stuffed chairs, were the only other articles of furniture.

Doctor Clinton was a young man, and would have been handsome in different surroundings. He had been in his present office for two months, and as yet had only been called to a child with the whooping-cough, whose parents were too poor to give him anything more than thanks, and their blessing, for his services. He had pawned the least valuable of his surgical instruments, after spending all his means, he was in arrears for board and the laundry had just given him notice to pay up or vacate his rooms.

Suddenly he looked up with a changed expression. The bell had rung, and who but a patient could have rung it? He opened the door and the sweet voice of a lady asked: "Are you Doctor Clinton?"

"Yes, madame. Please walk in and be seated," said the doctor, a faint shade of nervousness mingling with his polite reply.

She was exceedingly fair, with large brown eyes, and reddish golden hair. Her dress was rich and her appearance was that of a lady.

"I want you to call and see my father," she said.

"This evening?" asked the doctor.

"Well—no," she answered, hesitating a little. "To-morrow will be better; but I must tell you beforehand, it is an odd case, and a bad one. But if you succeed in relieving him, you have only to name your fee."

"What is the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"Well, he is a hypochondriac," said the lady slowly, and it seemed unwillingly. "He has a strange hallucination, and if he is not cured it will end in his death."

"You have consulted other physicians?" he asked.

"Several of them," she said, a little flurried. "Some of the best in the city. They had no—no—tact. They only argued with him, and—did nothing."

"There was something charming in the way she hesitated over her choice of words.

"You think he should be humored?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," she cried, her face filling with a wonderfully bright expression. "You have caught my idea. Oh, sir, do you think you can cure him?"

"I will do all I can," the doctor gravely said. "What is his hallucination?"

"It is concerning his food," she said, the piquancy dying out of her face. "That is, to be exact, it is about what is given him to drink. For days, sometimes, nothing liquid passes his lips."

"He fancies it is poisoned?"

"Worse than that," cried his lovely visitor. "He thinks it is filled with the finest needles."

"But he has rational intervals?"

"Yes, thank heaven!" she said, with sweet fervor. "Else he would have been in his grave ere this."

The doctor sat silent and thoughtful for a few moments, then he said: "Give me the address, please. I'll call to-morrow."

She drew a card from her purse, on which was her name:

MISS BRADLEY,
No. 1 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

They had reached the doorstep. "Only one thing more, Miss Bradley," said he. "It may not be best for me to call upon your father as a physician?"

"Why not?" she asked, in surprise.

"Because he may be prejudiced. You see much will depend upon adroitness. It would be better if I could call upon some pretended business."

She paused a moment in thought. Then she said: "He owns houses on Chestnut street. Could you not come to see about renting or buying one of them?"

"That is the very thing. It will serve my purpose. And, Miss Bradley, when I come to-morrow, you will not be surprised at anything I may do. Please to watch me closely, and follow my lead."

"I think I understand," she said simply. "Good evening, sir."

YOU MAY GO.

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The next morning he took from a drawer a strong horse-shoe magnet, and rubbed it steadily on the blade of his knife.

At length, when he had thoroughly electrified the blade, he replaced it in his pocket, and taking his hat started to make his first professional call; his very first, save the one to the child with the whooping cough. On the way to Mr. Bradley's residence, he stopped long enough to purchase a paper of very fine cambric needles. When he arrived at his destination he was shown to the library, where he found Mr. Bradley. Miss Bradley had been seated in one of the deep bay windows, and now, as the doctor's earnest tones fell upon her ear, she laid aside her book and sat an interested listener.

"Might I trouble you for a drink of water?" suddenly asked the physician. Miss Bradley murmured an indistinct "yes," left the room and returned almost immediately with the desired glass of water, which the physician accepted with a bow.

He raised the glass to his lips, and then a look of intense astonishment came into his face.

down, glared at Miss Bradley an instant, pulled savagely at his mustache, and then faced his host.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"Master," echoed the doctor, angrily, "this water is full of needles! Numbers of them! The water is full of them! Don't you see them?"

"Needles!" shouted Mr. Bradley, excitedly. "Needles! What did I tell you, Kate?"

"But I see no needles," she said.

"Oh, you see no needles," sarcastically rejoined the doctor. "Mr. Bradley, what do you say? Do you see any needles?"

"You are right," declared Mr. Bradley. "I see them plainly with the naked eye, and my sight is poor, too. But you can't convince her, sir! She can't see them."

"Maybe I can convince her," said the doctor.

He took out his knife, and opened it. Then he thrust the magnetized blade into the water, and when he withdrew it a number of fine needles clung to it, which he, unobserved, had dropped into the glass.

"But you do not seem surprised," the doctor said, turning to Mr. Bradley.

"No," responded he, grimly. "It is not a new experience to me. For months I have found them in everything offered me to drink. I have watched in vain to see who puts them in the beverage presented to me, but I can't find out. You are the only person who has ever been able to get them out, or to see them, and I shall always be grateful to you for having shown them to my daughter. Now she will believe that some one is making an attempt upon my life."

"On my life, sir, this time," said the physician. "But this is horrible, and ought to be investigated. Who filled this glass?"

"Thomas," replied Miss Bradley.

"Please summon him to come here," in answer to Miss Bradley's touch of the bell-rings a rather stupid-looking mulatto appeared.

"Did you fill this glass with water?" asked the physician.

"Yes, sah," wailed the servant, staring at Doctor Clinton, and then at Mr. Bradley.

"Why did you put needles into it?" continued the doctor.

"Law, massa, I never put no needles in it. That's a notion of Mr. Bradley's, sah. Dey ain't no needles in dah, sah," answered the dandy, with a grin.

"No needles here?" said the doctor.

"What do you call these?" and again the blade of his knife was plunged into the water, and, as before, came up with quantities of needles adhering to it.

"Before de Lord, sah, deed I neber put no needles in that glass. Deed, sah, dey mus' a bin in de cooler, because I neber seed 'em afore."

"You may go," said the doctor, glaring fiercely at the man who left the room in a complete state of mystification.

"Now, sir," continued the doctor, "this matter seems to be settled. This man must either be crazy or a fool. At any rate, your best plan is to get rid of him at once."

"I'll do so, sir, immediately. Kate go and discharge him this moment. I won't have the wretch here any longer." Then turning to his guest, Mr. Bradley added: "You have laid me under an eternal debt. I've no doubt but for you this man would have succeeded, eventually, in killing me."

Miss Kate accompanied the doctor to the door. He read her eager eyes, and said in reply to the question she was about to ask: "I think he is cured."

"You really think that?" she said, oh, so eagerly.

"Yes," smiled the doctor. "I really think it."

"Well, we must wait and see," said Miss Bradley. "Your idea was splendid, both in plan and execution. You will please call again? And, meantime, accept this as a preliminary fee."

"Thank you," he said, as he took the roll of bills she pressed into his hand. "One thing more, Miss Bradley. If I was hard upon Thomas, in having him dismissed from his place, can you make it up to him by procuring him another situation? You see I was obliged to have some object to attack. Else like another man, at the end of a week he received another fee from his fair benefactress."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Well, this was that tide, and it brought good fortune to our doctor. Patients came, a practice was at length established, and as the crowing stroke, Dame Fortune decreed him the lovely Kate as his wife, with the full and free consent of the reformed hypochondriac, Mr. Bradley.

LIGHTNING AT PLAY.

IT IS PRETTY CERTAIN TO DO THAT WHICH IS LEAST EXPECTED.

A Man Tells How It Feels to Receive a Shock From Nature's Electric Battery. The Lightning Rod's Decadence—Some Sample Freaks.

"Do you know how it feels to be struck by lightning?"

This question was propounded to me by a friend during one of the earliest thunderstorms of the season.

and just after an unusually heavy crash, almost immediately following a blinding flash. Of course I replied in the negative, and my friend rejoined:

"Well, I do—that is, I know how it feels to receive a part of a stroke, quite as much as I care to get—a sort of playful pat, so to speak. He who receives the full force of a lightning stroke knows nothing. Even if he be not killed, he is rendered unconscious. But the sensation of receiving a partial stroke is most singular. It is something, too, that you do not care to experience for the second time."

"It was when I was but a lad that I felt the lightning's force. I was living at home with my parents in a little country village. The day was warm, no one was in the house but myself, and I was sitting by an open window reading the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' If you are familiar with Dickens, you are aware that he delighted to portray storms, and that his pen was rarely more graphic than when he depicted their turmoil. I had reached this passage: 'Large drops of rain soon began to fall, and as the stormclouds came sailing onward others supplied the void they left behind and spread over all the sky. There was heard the low rumbling of distant thunder. Then the lightning quivered, and then the darkness of an hour seemed to have gathered in an instant.'

"What immediately followed my reading of these words must have driven them into my memory, for I have not yet forgotten them, though I do not remember in what part of the story the passage occurs. The scene described by the novelist seemed to have been duplicated right there, for huge drops of rain began to flash in at the open window, clouds went scurrying across the blue summer sky, and the darkness of an hour seemed to have gathered in an instant." Then there came an awful noise, such as I hope never to hear again, and at exactly the same moment a light far transcending that of the noonday sun. Then I was conscious of utter black darkness, such as I had never experienced before, and a silence more profound than that of the most absolute solitude. I tried to cry out, but I could not. I tried to rise, but I was powerless. I was not unconscious, but I could neither hear, see nor move. I could not even feel, but I could think very clearly.

"I knew at once that I had been struck. I was in no pain whatever, and as I had found that I was unable to help myself I soon ceased making any effort. After a little space my sense of touch returned slowly and with a sort of prickling feeling. Then a faint light was visible; then the power of motion came back gradually and with some pain. In half an hour my faculties had all returned, but I felt weak and dizzy. A fine, quiet summer rain was falling, and when I was well enough to go about I put on my hat and went out to seek for traces of the potent stroke that had so nearly done for me. I had not far to look. The bolt had struck the peak of the roof of the barn, which stood some

200 or 300 feet back of the house. The building had not been fired, but it was pretty effectually shattered. Splinters of pine were torn from the weatherboarding of all lengths, from 2 or 3 inches to 5 or 6 feet, and of all sizes, from that of wrapping yarn to that of a thick lead pencil. One of the largest splinters had been thrown from the barn clear across the yard into the highway. The glass in the barn windows had been splintered into long, needle-like spines, and the whole structure was so much of a wreck that it cost a pretty penny to put it in repair. It was fortunate that there was no live stock in the barn. If there had been, it must have been killed by the stroke. No," said my friend in conclusion, "there was no lightning rod on the barn, and the storm was followed by a perfect hoard of agents, who talked their wares to my father till he was nearly sick and finally bought a set of

rods as much for protection from the importunities of the peddlers as for any additional security they might give to the buildings."

So far as my own observation goes, the lightning rod agent does not make himself nearly so numerous as he once did. Certainly the percentage of buildings without the surmounting points is much larger than formerly.

Dread of thunderstorms is to many persons a most horrible thing. I know a man of the coolest temperament, a man who has exhibited genuine courage on more than one occasion of real peril, who will leave his desk when a thunderstorm comes up and walk up and down his office, wringing his hands and making a nuisance of himself generally. He says he cannot control his fears, and that is doubtless true, for he is keenly sensible to the ridiculousness of the figure he cuts. His doctor says that the man's physical system is probably affected deleteriously by the electrical conditions of the atmosphere during a thunderstorm, and that he is quite incapable of remaining quiet during its continuance.

There is one class of men and women who have a dislike for thunderstorms that is based upon experiences that are so definite and so disagreeable that it is not surprising that they have produced this result. They are the telephone and telegraph operators, and the stories they sometimes tell each other of streaks and globes of blue and green and red fire running along and skipping off the wires are such as to sometimes arouse scoffs on the part of the incredulous. Those who know the most about lightning harnessed by means of wires and unharnessed and pursuing its free course in the sky and among the clouds, it is worthy of note, are not likely to scoff at any story that is told of the lightning. It is a curious thing, though, that, although there is no doubt of the existence of what appear to the observer to be balls of fire attendant upon thunderstorms, no one has ever succeeded in getting a photograph of such a display, while many plates showing forms of electrical phenomena not visible to the eye because of the rapidity with which the electric fluid takes its course have been developed.

Here are a few of the many curious results of lightning strokes that have been recorded within the past few years:

In 1893 Martin Campbell of Brooklyn was killed by a flash, and his body was found to be marked with a ring about the neck, as if he had been strangled by a hangman's noose, while curiously branching lines resembling the growth of a plant ran along his chest. These peculiar markings have been noted in more than one instance, and some-

times persons so marked have recovered from the effects of the bolt. Sometimes the lightning stroke will cure diseases, rheumatism being the disorder oftentimes ended by this means, a marked instance of this sort being reported from a museum in New York a few years ago, when the stroke entered the place, skipped three inmates, struck the fourth, tore his clothes and left him for dead. He recovered in a few days, and to his joy his joints that were before distorted with rheumatism were supple and have since remained so. A monument in a cemetery in Lancaster, Pa., was struck by lightning in 1891. The shaft was of gray granite, but after the stroke it was all white save for an irregular line extending its whole length. This line is deep black in color and appears to be a concentration of all the coloring matter in the entire stone, which, by the way, was left quite sound. In a house in Rochester the leaden framings of a stained glass window were melted and the panes deposited on the floor, while the glass of a massive mirror was laid flat and unharmed on the carpet, though the frame was quite destroyed.

It is early yet for the lightning's freaks this year, but it has already begun in New Jersey. At Bridgeton the house of Mr. Zachariah Johnston was struck late in May. Johnston and his wife were stunned a little, but a Mrs. Porch was rendered senseless for an hour or two, her babe was burned horribly, and a gold watch under a pillow was melted. Yet nothing under the house took fire.

CHARLES APPLEREE.

Peppermint Growing as a Business.

In St. Joseph county, Mich., a farm of about 400 acres is planted with peppermint each year and alternated with clover to keep up the strength of the soil. The cultivation of the crop requires more than ordinary care. From the time the mint appears above the ground it is constantly cultivated and hoed to keep it free from weeds, which are the bane of the peppermint grower's existence. Two or three crops are gathered from each planting. The first and second crops are the best, and 20 pounds of oil to the acre is considered a good yield. The third crop is very apt to be weedy, and the yield only about 10 pounds to the acre.

Vitality of Disease Germs.

As an evidence of the phenomenal vitality of disease germs, Dr. Koch of Germany and Drs. Ewart and Carpenter of England declare that the blood of animals and men dying of contagious may be dried and kept for years, and that they will then produce the class of infections to which they belong, this even after having been pulverized in a mortar and subjected to the lowest degree of natural and artificial cold.

Conditions of Life in China.

In China little time is devoted by the natives to amusement and recreation. To the poor, who form an immense majority of the population, life is a never ending struggle against starvation. The middle class are extremely busy, but take life more easily. Many of the officials have leisure time, but those who are high in office and in favor with the emperor are sadly overworked.

THE PEACH CROP.

A Poor Outlook in Delaware, Georgia and the Northwest.

(Special Correspondence.)

MIDDLETOWN, Del., June 31.—This year's peach crop east of the Rocky mountains will be the poorest in 10 years. Estimates that attempt to give exact figures are never to be trusted, but enough is known of the prospect throughout the Delaware, Maryland and Virginia peninsula to justify the prophecy that this region will produce less than one-tenth of the normal crop. That is the estimate of Thomas Budd, a man who knows the whole peninsula, and who has been studying the peach question for 30 years. Many thousands of trees throughout the 130 miles of the peninsula peach belt have been almost destroyed. The disease called the "yellows" and the warm weather of March, followed by cold and snow in subsequent weeks, have brought about the death of at least nine peach buds out of ten. The June "drop" has taken another portion of the crop, so that, commercially speaking, peaches will be of small account this year.

The farms of the late Governor Biggs and his sons, situated in Kent and Queen Anne counties, Md., from which between 40,000 and 50,000 baskets of peaches were sold last year, is estimated will yield this year only 2,000 or 3,000 baskets. The Biggs' orchards were greatly overestimated this time last year. There will be a few peaches along the Chesapeake shore of the peninsula, but the most sanguine estimate would put the crop at less than 300,000 baskets, and many persons believe that the peninsula will market less than one-fifth of that number.

What is true of peaches in this region is equally true of Georgia, the western shore of Maryland and the northwest. The New Jersey crop is also much lighter than last year, and there is no really important region in the east where there will be a considerable crop. The region about and below Gettysburg, or what is known as the Cumberland valley, has been increasing in importance as a peach producing country, but the crop there is almost a failure. The few peaches that the peninsula will send to market will be of the early varieties, the poorest peaches that the region produces. There will be practically no late peaches from this region, and there will be no

early peaches from the south. New Jersey must be the chief dependence of the east for fresh peaches, and prices will be high.

The peninsula, which usually furnishes the bulk of the cheaper canned peaches, will furnish very few this year. The local canneries have almost ceased to compete with those of Baltimore and the west, but the Baltimore canneries will be short of material this year, and the pack will be very small. Luckily the pack last year was unusually large, and there is a considerable stock still on hand. This will appreciate in value, as properly canned peaches will keep several years without loss of flavor or other damage. Should there be a good crop of peaches next year, the shortness of this year's crop will not be so serious a matter, so far as the canned fruit goes, as one might expect.

The indications are that California has a good crop of peaches. This has no significance so far as the summer and autumn markets in the east are concerned. California peaches, east of the Alleghenies, are the luxury of the rich, and a questionable luxury at that, as they reach the eastern markets freighted by cold storage and lacking the delightful flavor and texture of the eastern peach. But California is really the most important peach packing district in the world, and the pack there this year will be large. California preserved peaches are delightful in flavor and a true luxury. They are beyond the reach of the poor, but their price next year need hardly be higher than usual.

So far as the growers in Delaware and Maryland are concerned, the peach situation means hard times, but not so great a loss as might be expected, because the workmen of the great cities, who are the largest consumers of peaches when the fruit is plentiful and times are good, have no money to throw away and would hardly buy peaches this year at any price. A fair crop of peaches in the east this year would have meant the lowest prices in a decade and exceedingly small profits for the growers.

E. N. VALLANDIGHAM.

ONE ARMED, BUT ACTIVE.

Career of Captain Urban Woodbury, Candidate For Governor of Vermont.

Captain Urban Andrian Woodbury, who was recently nominated for governor of Vermont by the Republicans, is a veteran with a good war record. He was born in Acworth, N. H., 50 years ago, but has been a resident of Vermont ever since he was 2 years old. He received a regulation American common school education in Morristown and later was graduated from the medical department of the University of Vermont.

At the outbreak of the civil war young Woodbury entered the service as sergeant in Company H, Second regiment Vermont volunteers. Two months after his enlistment he lost an arm in the thick of the fight at Bull Run's bloody rout, was taken prisoner, was paroled in October of the same year and was discharged from the service on account of disability two weeks later. War had already cost him his entire right arm, but he was still full of fight, and less than a year later he was again in the field as captain of Company D, Eleventh regiment, Vermont volunteers.

He retained his command until March, 1865, when he resigned. He promptly turned his sword into a cane hilt, metaphorically speaking, by entering the lumber business in Burlington, in which he is still engaged.

Captain Woodbury's political career began in 1881, when he was elected chairman in Burlington. The following year he was chosen president of the board of aldermen, and in 1885 he stepped into the mayor's chair. Three years thereafter he was elected lieutenant governor of the state. He is a member of the G. A. R., the Loyal Legion, the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Sons of the American Revolution and has taken the thirty-second degree in the Masonic fraternity.

The people of Europe last year partly satisfied their appetites with 814,000,000 pounds of American bacon, 84,000,000 pounds of American beans and 91,000,000 pounds of American pork.

Deafness cannot be cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CUREN & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

No Griping, no Nausea, no Pain, when De Witt's Little Early Bites are taken. Small Pill. Best Pill. Best Pill. J. E. Jones.

Ring up American Steam Laundry, tele. 341, and have them call for your laundry.

323 calls up the Peerless

After the Grip

Reduced to a Shadow, Delirious, All Tired Out

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restored to Perfect Health.

Mr. L. C. Rogers, Edison, Kansas.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen: I consider that Hood's Sarsaparilla is all that it is recommended to be. I was taken with the grip last Christmas, and in about a month's time I was reduced to a mere shadow of my former self. In fact I got so thin that my wife began to get very anxious about me, as I had no strength left, and my head was so bad that I had frequent spells of delirium. Finally I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and began to improve in health.

After the First Dose.

I have used three bottles and am feeling as well as ever, and know nothing of that tired out feeling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

tag of which is my complaint. Four or five hours sleep is sufficient for me, and I am up every morning at break of day." L. C. ROGERS, Edison, Kansas. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels.

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